

THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

MAY 1952



OUT OF RED CHINA:

The Story Behind
The Baby Killers



AFTER THE REDS! Father James O'Donnell, back in Philadelphia, after months in a Chinese Red prison, is welcomed by his brother and sister.



DON'T BUILD ON SAND

**A missionary sets his oars to row strongly,
but he's never satisfied with the headway.**

■ "THE PAST of the mission of Rosana is still before it," says Father Joseph Brannigan, Maryknoll Missioner from New York City. "I'm here in Africa for one purpose: to establish and spread the Kingdom of Christ. My work is to foster the growth of the Mystical Body by the conversion of non-Christians, and to safeguard the health of the Mystical Body by ministering to the Christians. The establishment of a strong, healthy Church among the Bakuria tribesmen who live in and near Rosana is my primary work; all other aims are secondary."

Father Brannigan, who is building up a new mis-

sion, is convinced that there's a lot more to establishing a mission than simply baptizing a lot of people. Each person he baptizes must be integrated into the living organism that is the Church. Each person who is added to the baptismal roster of the Rosana mission must have definite ideas on the Christian way of life—must have the Christian outlook.

Building up the Church that way is not a job that can be done in a few years or even in a few generations. Father Joe says that this consideration is far from being a source of discouragement. It spurs him on. He is a pioneer, a first

builder. And he considers it his responsibility to hasten the establishment of the Church in every way possible.

"In building the Church," says Father Brannigan, "there is no getting away from fundamentals. We can't expect a strong and vigorous Church

if its members are ignorant or poorly instructed. Knowledge is essential. Christ commanded us to *teach*."

Father Brannigan feels that all will agree that there is no maximum requirement as to the knowledge a prospective Christian should have. But he is quick to ask, "What is the minimum?" He does not think it's enough for a Bakuria to know the catechism by heart. Father Joe thinks it's far more important that the native should realize what effect the body of Christian doctrine must have on his life if he becomes a Christian. The intellect is the light of the will; if the light be dim, the acts of the will are uncertain and blurred.

In examining a Bakuria for baptism, Father Joe's usual practice is to ask the native a question on some specific point that is not covered by the catechism. For example "How do we prove that there is only one God?" If the native can't answer, he is not ready for baptism.

"The Bakuria," explains Father Joe, "finds memory work relatively easy. But I don't think that's enough. He must be able to see the

relations between the doctrines that he learns in preparing for baptism. He must be able to tell me in his own words how these teachings will influence

his life. I have come across natives who seemed to be all set for baptism, but who had only hazy ideas on the place of the sacraments in the life of a Christian. I couldn't baptize them until they realized that the sacraments are the main channels of grace."

Father Joe has definite ideas on how much his native Christians should know about the life of Christ. He is not satisfied with one who merely knows a few outstanding facts of Christ's life. He is thinking of inserting, in a definite place in the course of instruction, a good biography of Christ. How can people love Christ, imitate Him, and desire union with Him, if they really don't know Him?

The background and heritage of a people play a great part in people's thinking and their way of life. But as far as Father Brannigan can discover, the Bakuria have no idea of their history and background. They have customs that are very strong,

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.



Africa learns from the West: this tribesman has become a mechanic. Let's hope Africa will learn the spiritual as well as the material advantages of the West.

but they have no driving force from the past. They do not know or seem to care who they are, or where they are from.

Father Joe plans to fill this need by showing them the beautiful heritage they acquire once they become Christians. He points out to his prospective converts that they can become the children of centuries of saints. They are given some idea of the greatness of their forebears, the martyrs. Father Joe makes it a practice to give his Bakuria some idea of how the Christians in other parts of the world are suffering for their Faith. All this means extra work. "But how else," asks Father Joe, "can we do what must be done?"

One thing that Father Brannigan has noticed about his Bakuria is their love for singing. He gives his Christians and his catechumens

every possible opportunity of participating in the sacred chant of the Liturgy. He believes in concentrating on a few selections and seeing to it that they are mastered before going on to others. He believes that the Christians should be given every opportunity of singing their worship.

In seeking to impart all this knowledge, Father Joe naturally tries to find the most suitable means. Practically speaking, his catechist is his greatest help. It is through the catechist that Father makes contacts with the pagans; it is through the catechist that the first lessons in the catechism are given; it is through the catechist that Father is called for the sick. The catechist is Father Joe's principal tool in spreading the Faith.

The best craftsmen are very particular about their tools. What does

Father Joe look for in a catechist? "The answer," says Father Joe, "is that I look for two things in a catechist. First, he must give example; secondly, he must know the Faith. A catechist who lives up to what he believes, has a tremendous influence on the other natives. And, to be a teacher, the catechist must surpass all the other natives in a knowledge of, and appreciation of, the Faith. I demand that zeal be the primary motive for his taking the job. But if this zeal is fortified by a few shillings, its efficacy is not thereby destroyed."

Father Joe is fully aware of the fact that such a catechist has to be discovered and trained. Since the work of the catechist is so important, there are few other activities that demand more consideration and time. It may take two or three years to train a catechist but it's worth all the trouble.

Father Joe is quick to admit that there has never been developed a system for instructing converts that will work for all peoples and under all conditions. The matter is always the same, but the teaching methods and the length of the probation period are products of conditions found by individual missionaries. Father Joe is constantly examining his methods and bringing them up to date. He is eager to profit by the deep study that has been made in

methods of presentation, aids in explaining, and tricks of teaching evoked from modern psychology.

"Besides attacking the ears of those who are studying the doctrine," says Father Joe, "we can also attack their eyes." Charts, slides, and film strips have been used successfully elsewhere. Father Joe is sure that such means can be adapted for use in bringing the Faith to his Bakuria.

Father Joe's telling observation is this: "I think we ought to make better use of the Roman Ritual. The blessings of the Ritual fit into the lives of the Bakuria. These blessings provide further connections between their daily lives and the worship of God. They will tend to draw all phases of the lives of the Bakuria into contact with the Church."

Father Joe believes that a missionary must keep his finger on the pulse of his people. The Bakuria are learning how to read. Father Joe thinks that the mission should develop a program for putting Catholic reading matter into the hands of the natives. With the Bakuria who are just learning to read, reading matter carries a lot of weight. They are just learning how to draw thoughts from the printed word, and it is essential that the Church step into this field with a definite program.

COMMUNIST AGENTS in China tried to interest an eighty-year-old Catholic in the "Independent Catholic" Church. After listening for a long time, the old man said: "Write this down. My family has been Catholic for over three hundred years; I have been a Catholic for eighty years. Have you written that?" "Yes," the Communists answered. "Very well. That's all I have to say. That is enough!"



Ladies in Sunday-go-to-meetings welcome Father Del Robinson.

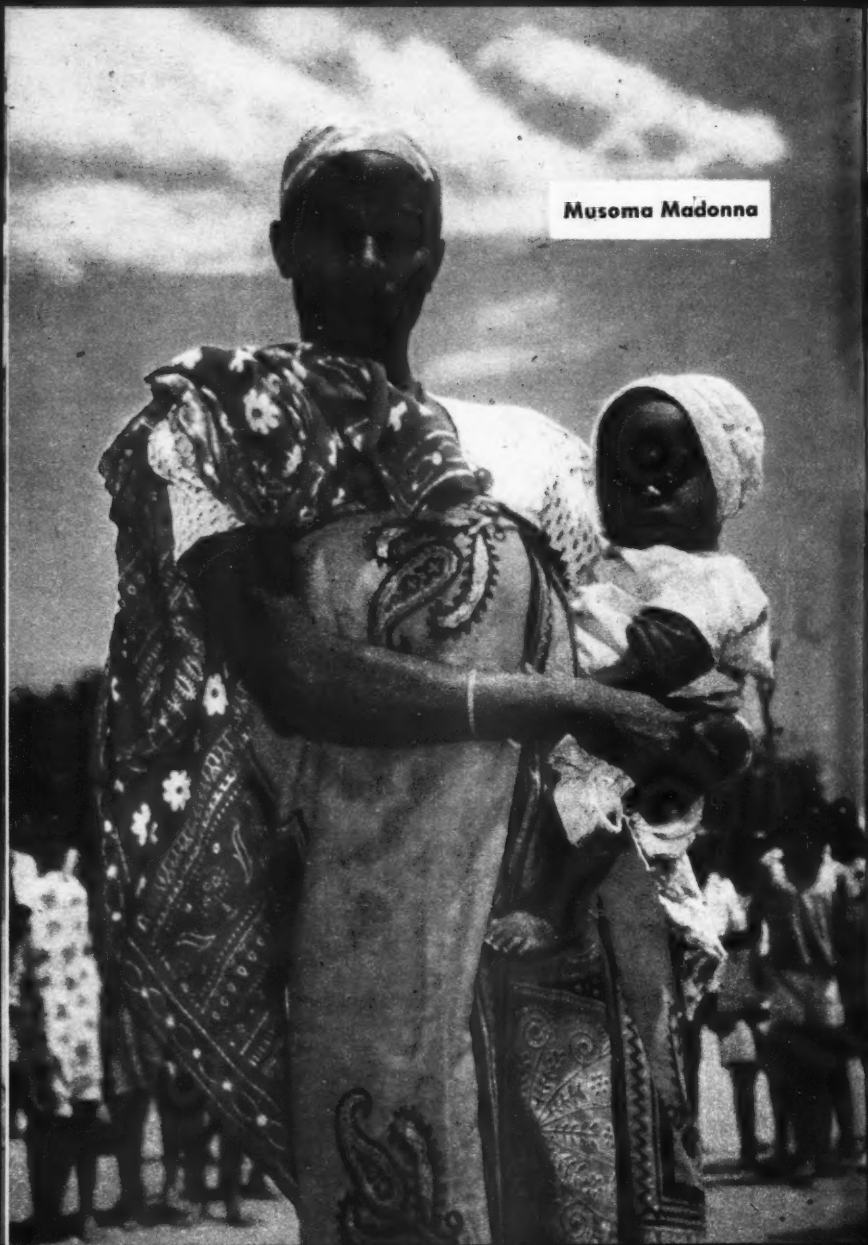
AFRICAN SPRINGTIME

■ MARYKNOLL's young mission of Musoma, in Tanganyika, breathes the air of spring. Already 29 Maryknollers — 20 priests, 2 Brothers, and 7 Sisters — are at work there; what was until recently an unworked corner of the vineyard now pulses with life and promise. New stations burgeon, and thousands of Africans look thoughtfully toward the crosses that silhouette the sky line. Our apostolic company senses the exciting prospect of an approaching harvest.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WILLE



Musoma Madonna

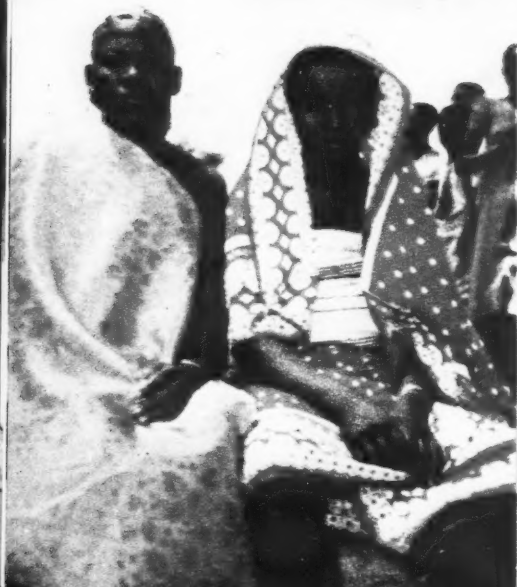




Mgr. Gerard Grondin, Prefect of Musoma, heads the Palm Sunday procession. In the long file of those who march, is the promise of Africa.



Imagine, so many devoted Maryknoll subscribers in Africa! We suspect a trick.



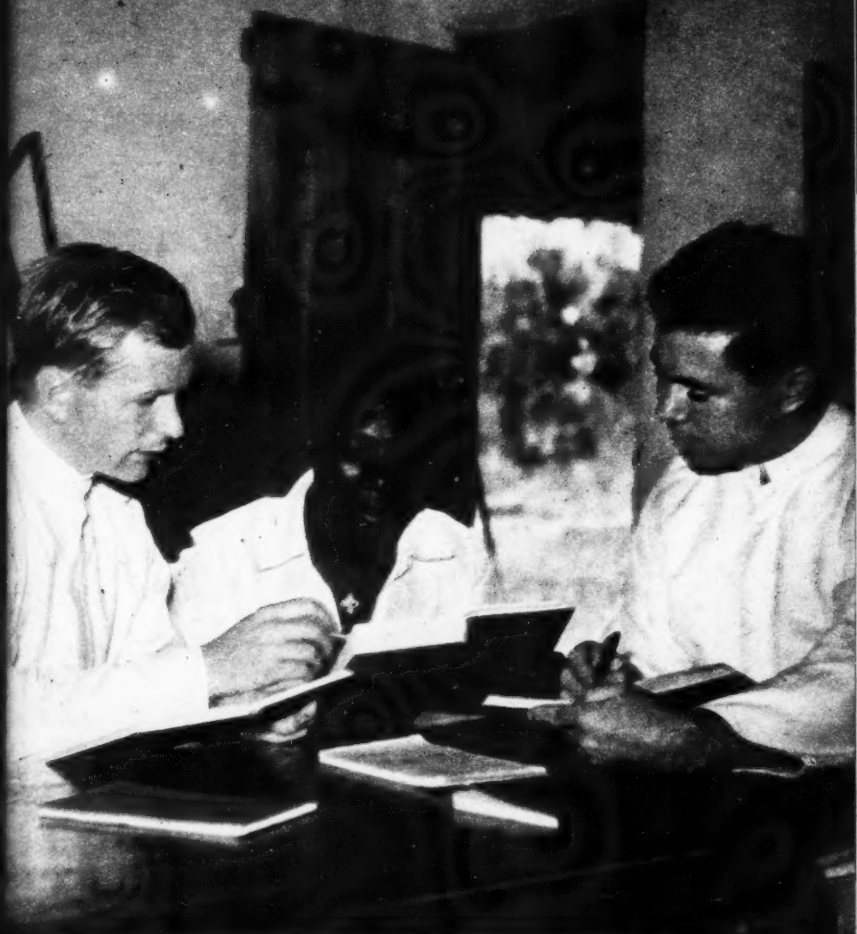
Africans young and old are searching. The entire continent is seething with new ideas. The Catholic Church means a life of discipline and sacrifice, but the more thoughtful natives gladly accept its burdens because they see the chance to belong to the religion of the true God as the most precious of the benefits that have come to Africa from overseas.

Each couple is preened for Sunday Mass, the top event of the week.

MARYKNOLL







Rookie missionaries Fathers Arthur H. Wille of California and Edward H. James of Indiana struggle with Kiswahili, aided by a language teacher.



Moving into a new village is not a huge undertaking, thanks to good roads and a simplicity in building styles. On each thatched roof, a cross rises.



The Musoma Maryknollers minus the new arrivals of 1951. The two African priests were trained by the White Fathers. Local vocations are already evident.





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Thoma, Petro, Josef and their like are the most important people in Africa. Father William J. Murphy of Pittsfield, Mass., chats with these tykes who will come into their prime in the important years ahead when Africans will be assuming major roles in the destiny of their continent.

THE END

Midnight in Pusan

BY CAPT. SANKY TRIMBLE, USAF

■ THUNDEROUS KNOCKING on the door produced from within an uneasy silence as if a faucet of noise had been twisted off abruptly. Seconds later the door creaked open. Two wide, wary eyes framed by a nun's habit peered into the inky night.

It was near midnight. The refugee city of Pusan crawled with humanity seeking solace from the battles of the north. A knock on the door might bring any news.

Suddenly the framed face creased into a wide smile. It embraced me as well as "the American Father." It foretold a stirring ending to a night in Korea. To a non-Catholic layman, the blackness of the night produced a shining star of renewal of faith in the devotion of men to God.

Chaplain John F. Corcoran had bounced out early that afternoon from the nearby fighter strip where he was stationed. I was a special Air Force combat correspondent, invited along on a memorable first and last call on Pusan.

The Padre had several calls to

make in behalf of the orphans he had collected, and so our arrival at the Maryknoll mission was in the night. It was cold outside and not much warmer inside the Sister's clinic, which also served as a school, an orphanage, and home for displaced Koreans.

After we carefully removed our shoes, the Padre and I were invited into a small ante-room. The expressions on the faces of the Sisters told how glad they were to see Father Corcoran.

The priest carried with him a handful of Korean banknotes. As he turned the money over to the Sisters, there unfolded an amazing story of how these merciful women were caring for a hospital jammed with people. Financially, the Sisters depended almost entirely on money received from the sale of embroidered items. The Padre had taken some of them to sell at his fighter base and was returning the proceeds.

I left Korea shortly after that unforgettable night. When the plane returned me to Japan, there was packed into my warbag a complete luncheon set, beautifully done.

A day in Japan was spent in shopping for linen and thread to send back to the Sisters. The days since, in the comfort and safety of my own home, have been spent in wonderment and thanksgiving that children the world over — thanks to God and folks such as the Maryknollers — are finding some small comfort in this bewildering world.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Since the end of the war in Japan, and as soon as the Catholic Church was able to assert itself, our Maryknoller, Father William A. Kaschmitter, has been striving to bring to the attention of the Western world the plight of the Japanese people. It is heartening to find others devoted to the cause. A splendid article by Frank Chodorov, in *Human Events*, analyzes the situation in a masterly way.

Anyone reading, in the February issue of the Maryknoll magazine, the article of Father Considine entitled "Too Many Mouths to Feed," will easily understand Japan's plight. I am writing this column while in Lima, Peru, and am just about to hop off for Riberalta, in Bolivia. Our mission there numbers one person per square mile. Japan numbers 578 persons per square mile. The situation is really a desperate one — far worse than before the war, because now great numbers of Japanese have been forced home from the South Seas, Indonesia, Manchuria, China, Korea, and all parts of their former Empire.

Felix Morley, commenting on the so-called China White Paper some years ago, said: "Suicide for a nation is not so complicated. It is merely a matter of officially approving and defending that which the

individual moral sense can neither approve nor defend."

Can we not apply these words to one remedy proposed for Japan's troubles by our enlightened and influential nation; namely, birth control? Only one fifth of the world's supply of arable land is under cultivation. Could we not try to get some of the unused areas into Japanese hands?

To return to Mr. Chodorov — I quote him as follows: "The weakness and danger of the San Francisco agreement is that it has no bearing on Japan's primary problem. If Japan ultimately drifts into the hostile Communistic camp, against the Western line-up, it will not be because of an intent to defeat the terms of the treaty but because of the primordial urge of the Japanese to live."

Americans are the leaders at present of the Western world. What a splendid gesture it would be if we should set aside immediately about 200,000 acres of land and invite a definite number of Japanese — not only men, but also their families — to come over and raise food in our country for those in their homeland.

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“...but why be a priest?”

Do you know the answer to this all-important question?

BY EDWARD F. MALONE

■ GROUPED about the unpainted pine table was my class — boys sitting, standing, sprawling over the table top. During the past two summers, I had come to South Carolina to teach in the diocesan camp. All the campers were there for an intensive course of religious instruction. Our classroom was the shade of a huge tree, hung heavily with Spanish moss, so that little of the hot sun touched our spot. The

catacombs and Constantine must have seemed very far away to my class that day.

This was not a question I expected. Yet how many times have I heard it asked. “... but why be a priest?”

Months later, now at Maryknoll, the question slips often into my mind. In a short while, I shall be a priest. Soon Father General will tell me where my first assignment will be. Then into a new world. I should have the answer on the tip of my tongue. But how can you explain to others your dream of years, your feelings as the dreams come true?

Monsignor Courtney had been the first to ask that question. In the

MARYKNOLL

fading light of his study, he had sat, listening to all my reasons for wanting to go to Maryknoll. He had countered with many objections. It was easy to see he was trying to find out whether a vocation was really there. Then he had told me about Father Price, whom he had known. That holy priest had seen in foreign missions a way of bringing conversion to America. My pastor believed that the sacrifices of the few could strengthen the Church at home. When the light hardly showed the red of his cassock, he had told me to kneel down to receive his blessing.

I could only then tell him of some of the thoughts which filled my mind. There was the painting of St. Francis Xavier, above the stage in the high-school auditorium. Each year we joined in the Novena of Grace. Five hundred of us, with our eyes on that picture. I think the painting spoke to each one of us of complete dedication to God's glory. We saw that dedication continued in our Jesuit teachers, and in our parish priests. A young fellow's heart will always respond to the ideals of sacrifice and service for God and men. Each one of us

had thought at some time or other: What a wonderful thing it is to be a priest!

During the war years I first thought of Maryknoll. All the older fellows were in the service. One day a newspaper carried a photo of a newly ordained Maryknoll priest, giving his first blessing to his soldier brother. Both were soon to leave for overseas. The soldier would battle to victory. His brother would bring peace to thousands of souls; his would be a lifetime job. Newspapers carried frequent pictures of our fighting men rescuing priests, Brothers, and Sisters, who had given up everything to preach the Gospel. Certainly all those things had a drawing power.

I remember a little picture that shows Our Lord standing close to a young man. Christ seems to be telling him of the many who need His love; of those far away who would not otherwise know Him, of those, who may live and die without Him.

In my classroom underneath the tree, some of those boys were beginning to hear the soft, persistent whisper of God's call.

**MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.**

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Dear Fathers:

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one.) I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Postal Zone _____

State _____ Age _____ School _____ Grade _____

The *STORY* behind the *BABY KILLERS*

The Reds had to eradicate the honored name of Christian in China; every Catholic Sister had to be remembered as a hated murderess.

BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE

■ IT WOULD have been a simple matter for the Reds to have expelled every foreign priest, Brother, and Sister from China, and to have forbidden all activity to Chinese priests and religious. But this would have made martyrs of them. People would have passed the empty buildings that once housed the homes for the aged, the orphanages, the dispensaries, and with sighs they would have remarked, "Those good priests and Sisters have been driven away."

There must be no martyrs, the Reds decided. Indeed, the very memory of these Christian workers must become a stench in the nostrils of every man, woman and child in China! The Catholic foundling homes offered the best possibilities for inflammatory stories.

Those homes had operated for

years in the slums of great cities, gathering in *abandoned* babies, *unwanted* creatures deserted by parents who could not support them. When such infants reached the Sisters, they were in a great number of cases at death's door, and many died in a matter of hours. I recall being in the orphanage of Ningpo one morning, as one such waif was brought in; I had hardly baptized it, when it passed away.

The mortality in such institutions is very high. Capital! "A wonderful point for us!" cried the Reds. "We'll use this line throughout China!" The following cartoons, taken from a Communist newspaper in the city of Ningpo, show how the Sisters are presented as diabolical destroyers of China's beloved young.

During 1948, the last year of nor-

THE LIE:

The cartoon
story in Red
newspapers:



1. The Mercy Home on Lo-hang Street of this city, and the General Refugee Camp on the north bank of the river, are imperialist slaughter houses that murdered Chinese boys and girls as a "work of mercy."

2. This is a pile of torture instruments used to kill Chinese children: a heavy-headed stick of firewood, a board studded with nails. Living children are deformed or crippled. For the most part they do not look like other human beings.



THE LIE:

3. The nuns insulted our children, forcing them to crawl on hands and knees and lick up crumbs of bread, pretending to play a game. Our children ate only congee, live worms, and smelly fish, and not enough of that!

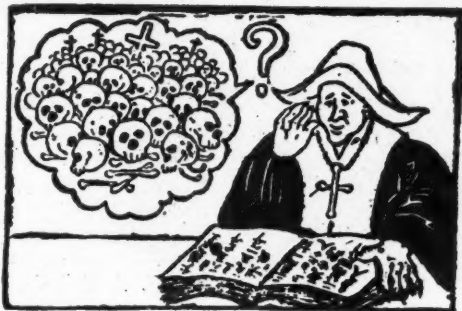


*China's Reds
go on with
their story:*



4. When the children in this dreadful orphanage were so worn out by their sufferings that they died, they were carried out in bottomless coffins in order to be made the food of wild hungry dogs. So many were thrown on the shores of the T'ao River that the place is now a mound of bones.

5. During 99 years the Mercy Home received 31,570 persons. More than 24,000 have died. Sister Shih Man-te (transliteration) said, "Actually the number that have died cannot be accurately remembered."



6. The nuns beat the orphans almost to death. Orphans over seven begin their toilsome labors, and are not permitted to rest at all during the entire day. When they are sick, they are not attended; when they are near death all of their clothes are stripped from their bodies. This hell among men is the work of foreign imperialist nuns.

7. Now the children and people of China are making accusations, with tears of blood, to the People's Government, petitioning the expulsion of the imperialists. All classes of people wrote letters to the Ningpo newspapers, supporting this. At the unanimous request of the people, the children of the General Refugee Camp and the Mercy Home have returned to the kindly bosom of their mother country, the People's Republic of China.





THE FACT Thousands of wasted foundlings like this youngster were received each year by the 272 Catholic asylums in China. Because this waif and many others died shortly after Maryknollers and others took them in, Reds call the missionaries murderers.

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THE TRUTH

No signs of cruelty here! Maryknoll's Sister Monica Marie Boyle of Philadelphia, one of thousands of Catholic Sisters who was subjected to many indignities and driven from China.

mal Catholic statistics in China, Catholic orphanages throughout the land totaled 272. In them, 15,585 children were under care. Nine out of every ten of those youngsters were girls, who would grow to marriageable age and be prized as wives because of the careful training they had received from the Sisters.

In addition to the orphanages properly so called, there was the celebrated work of the Holy Childhood. This included seeking out abandoned waifs in the more wretched centers of the population, baptizing them, and tenderly nurturing them to strength. However, of the 10,416 infants reported to the Holy Childhood as received

throughout China in 1948, only 4,931 were reported as still alive and under care either of nurses in mission orphanages or of Catholic families. The balance of those pitiful cast-offs of China's wretchedness had been, when received, too far gone to be saved from death.

This work of mercy has been going on for over 200 years and has been an object of charity for centuries of the whole Catholic world. The early annals of the province of Szechwan, in the far interior of China, record that, in 1767, at the height of a persecution, the missionaries "established a seminary and a leper asylum, opened schools, and promoted the work of the Holy Childhood."

OF SPECIAL NOTE



TO BE HUNGRY, cold or sick hurts just as much in Asia or Africa as in Europe or America. When a person is hungry or cold or sick, he needs help right away. We haven't time to send out an SOS for help: we must give immediately what we have. The halt, the blind, the sick, the homeless, the hungry, the naked, in the mission field are being cared for by Maryknoll's Charity Fund. Your donation to the Charity Fund will give you a share in the works of mercy; it will make you a partner of our missionaries.

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK**

MARYKNOLL

In Tientsin today (unless the Reds have destroyed them) stand ten broken columns of milk-white marble, commemorating the ten Sisters of Charity who were massacred in 1870 for operating the Holy Childhood orphanage. Hostile agents had spread the slander that the eyes of the infants were being gouged out, to be used in brewing magic medicines. Thus history repeats itself: the Reds now add a chapter to the long persecution of Catholic Sisters for the care of China's abandoned babies.

A writer in the *China Missionary Bulletin* states: "Mortality among uncared-for and unwanted newborn babies has been, and will always remain, a scandal to mankind. When some evil genius evolved the idea to lay the responsibility at the doorstep of Catholic orphanages, rather than on the heartlessness of those who forsook their own progeny, he served well the cause of communism. The denunciation meetings and the blind fury they engender in the masses, are the true product of the evil of communism. In an age that has unleashed unbridled fury towards God, the gentle nuns are martyrs in reputation and in deed."

"How thankful should the Chinese be for the care and love which the nuns of an alien race were prepared to extend to the inarticulate children of our own Chinese race," wrote C. S. Kwei in the *Hong Kong Standard*. "The trial was but an instance of the anti-God program being prosecuted throughout the world. To fight this all religious forces of the world must be allied."



**"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN
TO COME TO ME —
FORBID THEM NOT"**

The greatest single need in the mission world today is Christian education, if future generations are to be saved for Our Lord. In the Lord's Prayer, we pray: "Thy kingdom come on earth." A practical way to follow up your prayer is to

help educate children in mission lands. Maryknoll missionaries request the following items:

(check your item)

- | | | | |
|---|---------------|------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Chapel and study hall in hostel, Japan | | \$1,000.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. School building, Riberalta, Bolivia | | 500.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Projector, motor, doctrine films, Peru | | 500.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Desks and benches, Mexico | 12 for | 25.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Blackboards, Cochabamba, Bolivia | | 25.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| benches | each | 6.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| windowpanes | " | .40 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Lunches for poor children, Chile | 200 per month | 25.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| for school building, window | | 1.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| sack of cement | | .80 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| bricks, each | | .08 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Salary of schoolteacher, Formosa | per month | 15.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Blackboards, Africa | each | 15.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| child's tuition per year | | 2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Textbooks, Guatemala | .5 for | 5.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> |

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Dear Fathers:

I am pleased to help educate children in mission lands in the principles of Our Divine Lord.

I enclose \$_____ for _____

My Name _____

My Street _____

My City _____ Zone _____ State _____

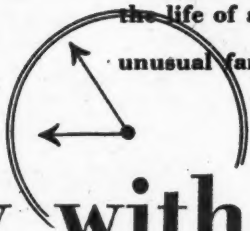


■ MEET THE YAMADA family. The folks of this family come from middle-class, farming stock, and live in Sakamoto Village, not far from Kyoto, Japan. A day spent with the Yamadas gives an insight into the life of the average Japanese.

The Yamadas are not typical in one respect. They are Catholics, and therefore they belong to a minority of 140 thousand people, out of Japan's 83 million. The Yamada day begins with Mass (opposite). Then comes an abundant family breakfast (above), attended by the old parents, their sons and daughters, and the latter's children. Breakfast is a big meal and usually consists of a soup, raw or fried fish, omelet, fruit, vegetables, and tea.



An intimate glimpse into
the life of a large and not
unusual family in Japan.



A Day with the Yamadas





The eldest son of the Yamada clan is mayor of Sakamoto. His day is taken up with hearing complaints, writing reports, unraveling red tape.



Except for two sons who are public servants, the entire Yamada family works long hours to make every inch of its few-acre farm productive.



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oe.

■ THE ELDEST YAMADA son is the mayor of Sakamoto Village (The Village at the Foot of the Hill). Another son teaches in the local school. The salaries these men bring home are small; and to supplement this income, the family farm is kept in operation by the parents, the sons' wives, and the children. The Yamadas have the only cow in the village.

Old Mr. Yamada provided his two sons with good educations. The family is a close-knit unit, and most of the recreation is taken in common. In the evening the mayor plays the flute, and his sister, Kinue, age 19, plays the harp. The children perform folk dances. Sometimes there is a quiet game of Japanese chess.

In traditional Japanese style, the Yamadas' family life centers about the children. Japan is a land where children are held in high esteem, and are given everything that their parents can afford.

MAY, 1952



The mayor's wife brings in hay to feed the Yamada cow.





The Yamada second son is a teacher in the local school. He is poorly paid.

■ THE MAYOR's wife is largely responsible for the family meals (opposite), which are designed to please the eye as well as the palate. She also keeps the simply furnished house spotless and shining.

Every one of the Yamadas has his or her own chore to do, for the Japanese are great believers in co-operative living. At day's end the soft, quilted beds, made right on the floor, are inviting.

The end of a perfect day for the mayor's daughter. Like most Japanese, she sleeps on the floor. The average Japanese home has very little furniture.





TIME HAS NO MEANING

BY JAMES W. FITZGERALD

Time — not only suspect but held in high disrepute.

■ THE MONTH had a very auspicious beginning. Another Padre arrived — fresh from Maryknoll and the language school. And two of the more likely of the vocational prospects entered the seminary to begin studying for the priesthood. The parish of Cotoca, Bolivia, has finally come of age after some 200 years. The mission aim of the Church, here in the Santa Cruz region, has been brought a bit closer to realization. As far as I can discover, no boy from this parish has gone to the seminary in the past two centuries.

Father Browne had secured the

necessary permissions from the bishop, from Rome, and from the two countries of Bolivia and Peru. All these permissions were necessary if the two lads were to go to the seminary run by Maryknollers in Peru. The hope of this part of Bolivia lies in these two lads and others like them.

As Father Plus says, speaking of priestly optimism: "Let the priest remember that it takes two generations to renew a parish." If it be such a long and arduous task in Catholic Europe, it is even harder here in the land *mañana*, where time

has no meaning. Missioners, who know their people, say we must speak of their becoming real Catholics in terms of centuries.

The average *Cotoqueno* is basically good; he is easy-going and proudly independent. He has little or no interest in the world that lives and moves outside the city gates of Cotoca. He has an almost instinctive disregard for laws, official pronouncements, and regimentation of all types.

Cotoca itself is a very small town. It extends some three or four blocks on either side of the parish church. The houses are scattered, as though dropped into place at random by a whimsical wind. The parish as a whole has some 2,000 people, but only about 900 live in or near Cotoca.

This town has but one claim to fame: the very reason for its existence is that it is a Sanctuary of the Virgin—*La Mamita*, as she is lovingly called down here. Many years ago, three Indians who had taken refuge in this region, found a statue of the Virgin. Since then, the statue has been the center of great devotion to Our Lady. As the devotion grew, so grew the town. The first crude shrine, made of mud and thatch, was replaced by a large and beautiful church.

Distance is like time; neither has any meaning to the people who call Cotoca, home. They live and die in the same district in which they were born. It is the rare individual among them who has traveled more than fifty miles in one direction, in his whole life.

Father Hugh Byrne, a Maryknoller in a neighboring parish, loves to tell the story of two elderly *señoras*. He overheard them greeting each other outside the church. Both commented on the sermon which dealt with the power of Our Lady as shown in Lourdes, Fatima, and other great European centers of Marian devotion.

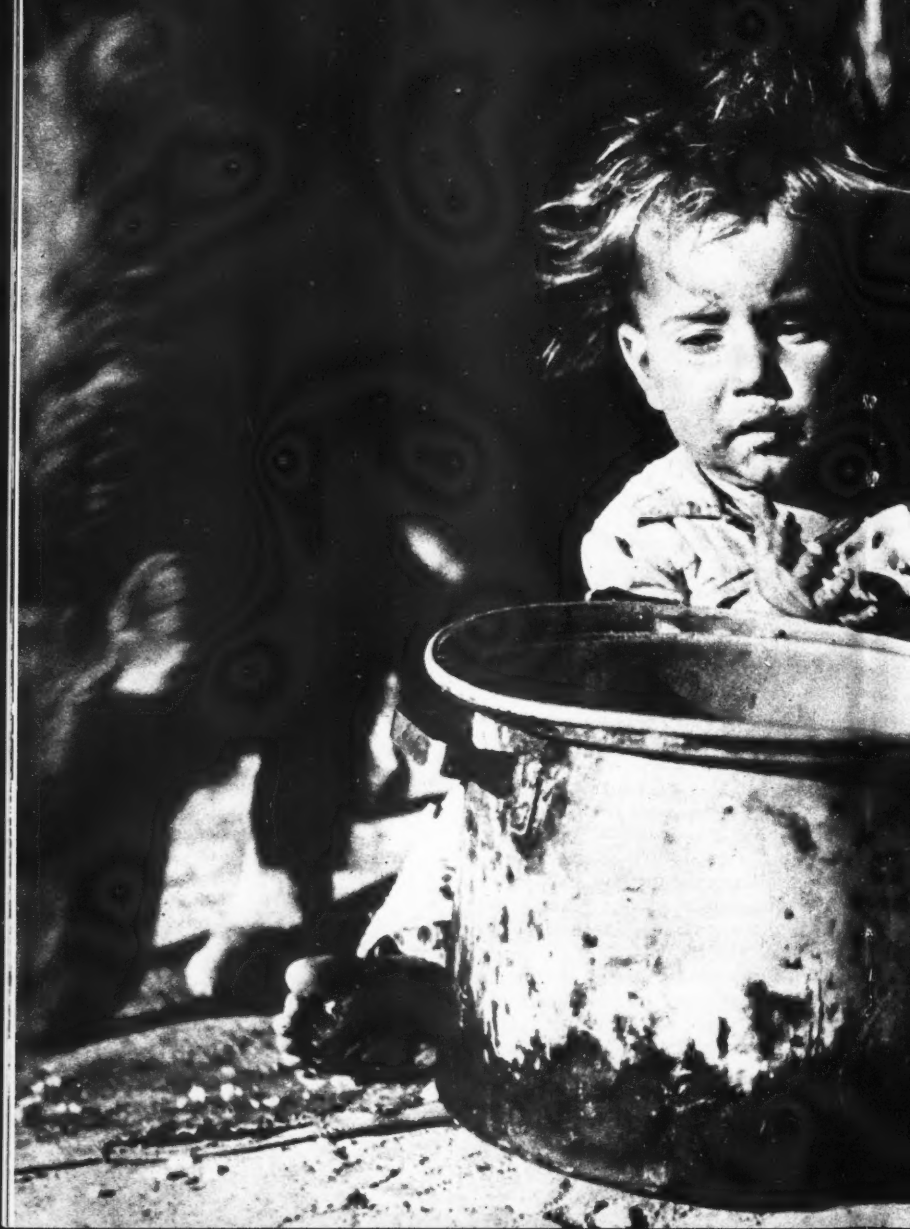
"But just where is Lourdes?" asked one of the old crones. "Do you have any idea?"

"Oh sure," the other replied glibly. "It's a long, long way off. It's on the other side of La Paz." [La Paz is 200 miles to the west of Cotoca, as the crow flies.]

The average *Cotoqueno* has a similar appreciation of geography and yet the average *Cotoqueno*, with a half-dozen years of schooling behind him, believes that the rest of the world can teach him little. He is happy and content.

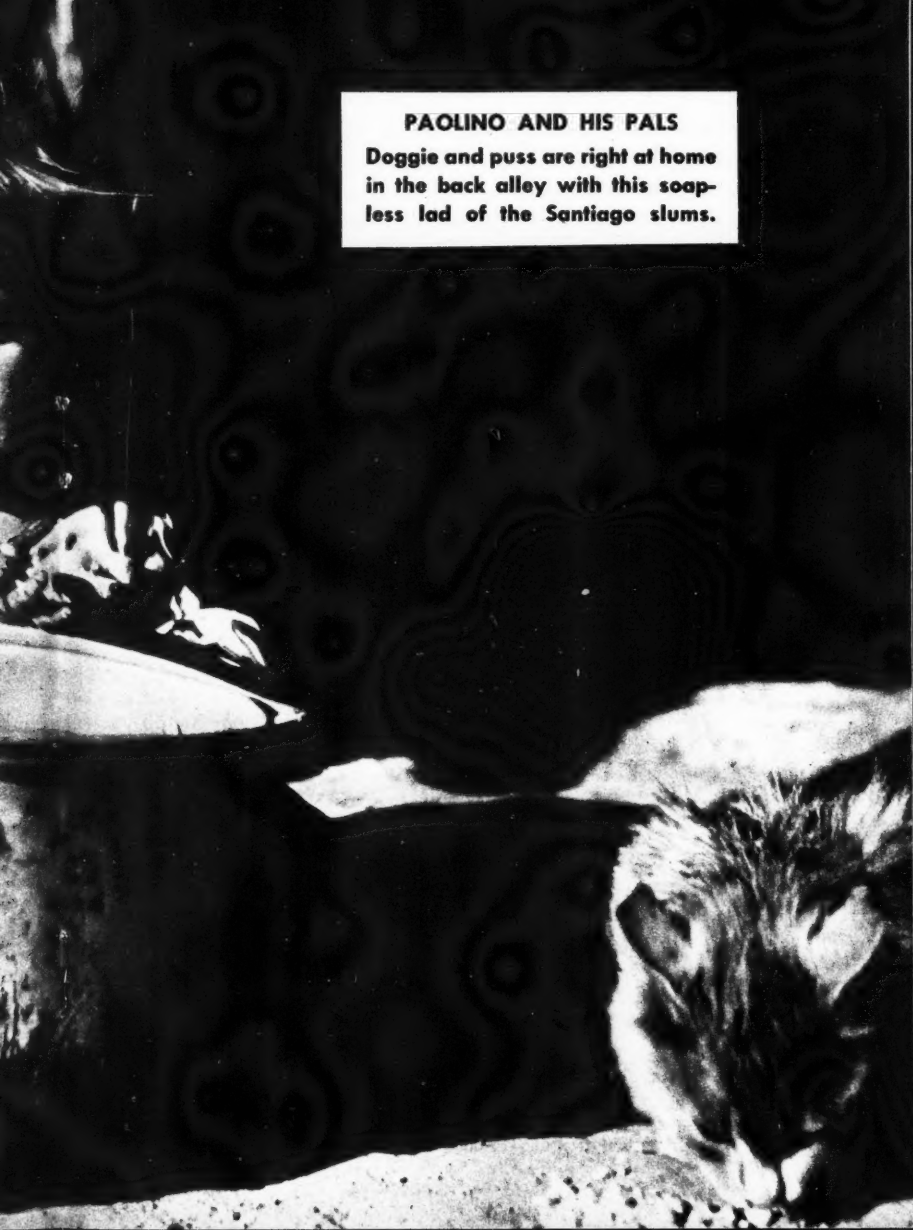
The life of a missionary is essentially a restless one. In this he stands back to back with the average Latin American. Down here, time is not only suspected, but it is held in high disrepute. Deliberateness, slowness, comfort, and silence reign. This tempo is a difficult hurdle for the average missionary, who feels the pressure of time upon the Church. She must establish a functioning, self-supporting, native Church, and then move on. But the missionary must adopt St. Paul's mission methods of patience and understanding.

Optimism is the watchword under Cotoca's blue skies and limitless horizons.



PAOLINO AND HIS PALS

**Doggie and puss are right at home
in the back alley with this soap-
less lad of the Santiago slums.**



A Good Brace of Gifts

■ A STRONG devotion to the Passion of Christ, a strong attachment to the Mother of Christ, a strong willingness to recede to the days of his great-grandfather, and a strong sense of humor, would make a good brace of gifts to bestow upon any missionary. Nobody can be a true disciple of Christ, let alone an apostle and champion of His cause, without a determination to share the Cross of Christ. Nobody can be such a willing bearer of that cross as he who stands hand in hand with His Mother underneath it. There is no way to understand the mystery better, or to prize the privilege more. The missionary's legacy from his great-grandfather will include such abilities as using his legs instead of riding; breaking the ice in the pail of a winter morning; dodging the wolf or the sheriff, in some form or other; and moving back into the insecurity of the Middle Ages. Add the sense of humor; and let the missionary take life as it comes, goes, or rushes at him, while smiling at the whole disconcerting thing.

These very provisions are already a part of every Maryknoller's spir-

itual inheritance. They are included among the many bequests that come down to Maryknollers from their two founders, Bishop James A. Walsh and Father Thomas F. Price. Even though this brace of gifts was not mentioned in the will, ticketed as such, it is to be found by rummaging among the family effects. This latter circumstance is very typical of the legacies of founders in general. The usual recipe is a word or two, a parting pat, and the rest in the hands of God. No long list of family assets is included; that will come later — will slowly unfold by a process of timely, delighted discovery.

The Maryknoll Founders run true to type in this particular. "It is a good family; keep it so; go the whole way; God will provide; I know my limitations." Such was the gist of what Bishop Walsh left behind him, in the way of conscious legacy. Father Price did not even say that much. "My life to God for Maryknoll," was put on his dying lips by a kindly French priest. He never would have added another thing, except perhaps to say again,



This Month's Cover

THE cute Miss on our cover this month is typical of most of the young people in postwar Japan. Early in life they are taught to form habits of generosity. Those among them who have become Christian, burn with zeal for the world ideal of Christ. Their help is precious to our missionaries.

"Honor God's Mother, and don't forget either her humility or your own." That is what his whole life had said; and his tongue, too, not once but a thousand times.

These are good last messages, suggestive and inspiring ones. But they do not tell the whole story of Maryknoll's inheritance from her founders. That has to be quarried down the years; not from words only, but from acts, attitudes, values, and virtues. So it is we stumble on the cross, the Mother, the sense of sacrifice, the sense of humor, amid the accumulated treasures. This little quartet of mission gifts was imbedded in the lives of both Maryknoll founders.

BEQUESTS that founders make to their religious families often prove to be not a nine-days, but a sort of nine-centuries, wonder. Generation after generation learns of this goodly inheritance as it gradually and increasingly discloses all its helpful provisions. It seems to yield more hidden gold, the more one explores it. Some of the bequests were not particularly premeditated, known, or discovered by the bequeathers themselves. That makes little difference, after all, since God is the real provider.

And He is a singularly good one in the matter of choosing and forming these family leaders, especially when He plans to have the family grow big and go far. What He does is very generous, even lavish. He incorporates the essential equipment in the leader's person — finding some of the elements already

MAY, 1952

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

present, adding others, and ending with a good model for the family. Was there ever a better Franciscan than St. Francis, a better Jesuit than St. Ignatius? "For neither ought the children to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children" (*II Cor. xii: 14*).

Parents do this very thing consciously or unconsciously, then wrap their cloaks around them and lie down, leaving all sorts of big and little gifts to help the family. There is some human foresight in this, but more of divine arrangement. God is always the chief architect when men build better than they know.

— Bishop James E. Walsh

Sometimes even a schoolteacher
can learn a lesson from her pupils
but hardly one of this importance.

THERESA

BY ARMAND J. JACQUES



■ ONE OF my best catechists was a schoolteacher who first became interested in the Church because Kao Lung, her pupil, asked to be excused from school so that he could attend Mass. Sunday was not a holiday in Miss Ch'eng's school, in Fushun, Manchuria. By the time Miss Ch'eng found out that Mass was not the Manchurian equivalent of a sick grandmother on the day of a double-header, she knew quite a bit about the Faith.

The next step was to find out more, and she reasoned that an easy way to do that was to join my English class. She studied English for about a month. Then she told me that she was no longer interested in studying English, but that she would like to study the doctrine. After her baptism, Theresa became a daily communicant.

Then the Communists invaded Manchuria. The Nationalists drove out the Communists, and a general in the Nationalist Army fell in love

with Theresa. He offered to pay her parents \$2,000 for the privilege of marrying her. Although her parents were wealthy, the offer was a tempting one. Theresa didn't like the idea, because the general was not a Christian. Her parents had promised not to ask her to marry a pagan.

When Theresa asked my advice, I told her that she knew the doctrine, and it was up to her to make the choice. I suggested that she go over to the church and ask the good Lord to give her the grace to make the right decision. In an hour she was back; her mind was made up. She told her parents that she would not marry the general, no matter how much he paid. Her mother and father disowned her on the spot.

I wangled a scholarship for Theresa at the university of Peking. And it wasn't long before I began to receive glowing reports. The priests at the University marveled at her command of the doctrine. They were enthusiastic about her zeal,

and told me that she had been elected president of the Legion of Mary at the University.

At that time, the Communists had their fifth column among the University's student body. Theresa often argued it out with these followers of the Red line. She outsmarted them so much and so often that they tried in every way to get her on their side.

When the Communist Army was marching on Peking, the priests at the University advised all students who could to go home. Theresa could not do that, so she decided to come to South China, where I had been transferred, and seek employment as a catechist.

Theresa proved to be a whiz as a catechist. She taught her regular convert classes during the day, and each evening she invited interested Chinese to come to her quarters to talk about religion. She started the Legion of Mary in my parish, and through it brought many into the Church. The non-Christian teachers in the Middle School often asked her to give them talks about God and the Catholic Church.

Theresa worked for me for about

a year. Then the Communists started their southern push. I deemed it prudent to send her to Hong Kong: a price had been put on her head by the Reds. After I was expelled from China by the Reds, and

reached Hong Kong, I heard that she had slipped back across the border into Communist-dominated China.

Her life is in constant danger because of her work with the Legion of Mary. The Communists have been vicious and unrelenting in fighting this form of the lay apostolate. They claim that the resistance of Catholics to its "independent-church movement" sprang chiefly from the influence of the Legion.

"Accusation meetings" were held in Shanghai and Tientsin, at which the Legion was charged with being reactionary, a serious crime to the Reds' way of thinking. Red speakers charged that "foreign priests" were influential in organizing the Legion, thus the Legion is a tool of the imperialists.

Theresa is an A-1 Catholic. What she and the other Catholics in Red China need most are prayers. Their faith is being tried by fire.

IS GOD IN

your will? You can put Him there and you should. It will mean much to you in the next world. In your will remember your parish, your Diocese, the national Catholic institutions, and Maryknoll.

SUPREME CRISIS

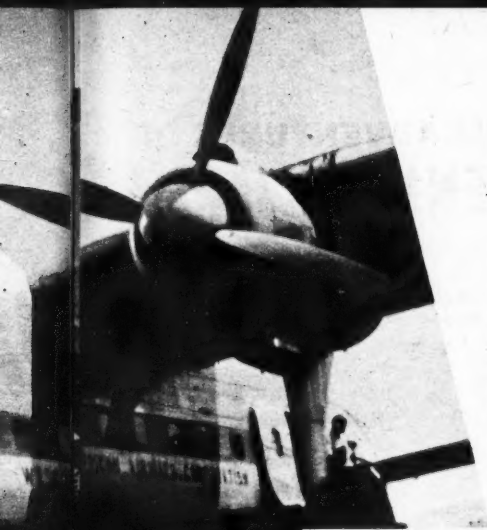
THE whole human race is allowing itself to be driven into two opposing camps: for Christ and against Christ. The human race is involved today in a supreme crisis which will issue in its salvation by Christ, or its utter destruction.




— Pope Pius XII



Africa Fly



■ A NIGERIAN RULER (left) boards a plane; an official in the Cameroons (below) welcomes a guest who arrives by plane. Africa flies in more ways than one; ideas fly in Africa. Christianity grows at the speed of flight, and Moslemism marches at high velocity. Revolt against colonialism is in the air. Hungry for protagonists who will fight their cause, numbers of Africans welcome Communists who would delight at the chance to destroy everything that belongs to Africa's soul.



ies



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MARYKNOLL



For Paul of Kyoto

■ SISTER ROSE MARITA of Kyoto has designed and executed a beautiful coat of arms for the new Bishop of Kyoto, Most Reverend Paul Furuya, spiritual leader of so many Maryknollers in Japan.

The escutcheon is centered in the usual setting of a bishop's hat, crozier, miter, and processional cross. In the official seal, what appears to include a cross, a triangle, and two rays, is the *kanji*, the character for Kyo (Kyoto). In the center of this, three intertwining rings denote the eternal Trinity. The cross forms the background.

The star, surmounted by the letter M in the left shield (called in heraldry the sinister field) is for Mary the Mother of God; to whose Immaculate Heart all Japan is consecrated. The rays from the star signify that Kyoto will be under her gentle protection and guided by her light. The crest in the right field (called the dexter field) is that of the Furuya family, connoting the new bishop's place of responsibility



ity in Kyoto's spiritual progress.

At the base is Kyoto's Mount Hiei — "*ei*" meaning "wisdom," and "*hi*" meaning "beyond comparison" — implying: May the Bishop and Diocese of Kyoto, under the Cross of Christ, be enlightened by the gentle, pure light issuing from the maternal protection of Mary, to teach only the highest wisdom to all.

The motto that the bishop has chosen — "*Gaudete in Domino*," "Rejoice in the Lord" — is a passage from Saint Paul's Epistle to the Philippians — chapter iv, verse 4.

Already God is blessing Bishop Furuya's zealous labors by calling to him many choice souls in the great Japanese city of Kyoto and its environs. Maryknollers are proud to work under such a worthy man of God.

Old Tomasa rests her bones a bit, as she passes the time of day with Sister Anne Marion Frei, of Elizabeth, New Jersey.



AFIELD *with the* MARYKNOLL SISTERS

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

■ OLD TOMASA jerked awake and lay tense. Her eyes shifted from side to side. What could that noise be? Sixty years of living in the Bolivian Andes had taught Tomasa a thing or two about queer noises: Don't move until you know what it is.

The noise continued. What was it? A wild beast right in her hut? Suddenly the THING gurgled to silence.

Tomasa laughed aloud. Of course! The noise came from that contraption the Maryknoll Madres had lent her yesterday — a big alarm clock.

Sister Anne Marion had pushed all the buttons and turned all the wheels, and told Tomasa not to touch anything on it. She should put it on the ground, beside the pile of rags that she used as a bed; it would wake her at four o'clock in the morning. Then, if she got up and walked the five miles to Cochabamba, she would be in time for Mass, and for her first Communion.

First Communion at sixty years of age — and thrilled about it! In all her years of drudgery, Tomasa's sweetest moments had been those she spent on her knees before a faded holy card of Our Lady, pasted

on the wall of her hut. She had not known more of the Catholic religion than that.

Then she saw the Madres one day, when she had taken her sweet potatoes to sell in town. A timid moment — a grasp of all her courage — and she made bold to speak to them.

That had been the beginning. Finally, Sister Anne Marion had completed the instructions.

No time to waste! Tomasa scrambled to her knees and slowly recited the Our Father and Hail Mary in loud, slow tones.

Tomasa set out through the mountain paths. In spite of her sixty years, she carried her head erect. There was good reason for that: the alarm clock and a brand-new prayer book were balanced on her head, under her big, white hat.

The sun rose, and she began to feel hungry. She was thirsty, too. She turned resolutely away from the cool mountain brooks. "It's a good thing I didn't bring any corn-cakes with me," she muttered.

Tomasa had little idea of time, but she was right on the dot for Mass. And she walked up the aisle to God.



HANDS OF MERCY Must Be Trained

Teachers, nurses, doctors, social-service workers, catechists, and technicians get their skills only from years of study. And every Sister needs at least 2½ years of spiritual training to fit her to take a knowledge of God's love to all men.

YOU share in a lifetime of devoted service when you help finance these training years.

**MARYKNOLL SISTERS,
Maryknoll, New York.**

Let me help you train your Sisters for their world-wide apostolate.

Here is \$_____ toward that end.

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Little Nellie

BY JOSEPH B. DONNELLY



The only thing this heroic child had to give was life itself.

■ LITTLE NELLIE SALAS was a high contender for the title "Best loved person" in Puno, Peru. There was no particular talent that made her outstanding; she was no child prodigy; she didn't have a so-called angelic countenance. Nellie was plain, a good bit on the scrawny side, and rather diminutive for a girl twelve years of age.

Nellie's greatest virtue was that she loved everybody. Love begets love, and this, perhaps, is why everybody loved Nellie. She had no particular friends because she considered everyone her friend. She treated all alike—high and low, rich and poor, saint and sinner. It was a tonic to depressed spirits to see Nellie smile, which she did constantly. Her heart-felt smile always evoked its counterpart, even from the most soured disposition. Nellie's smile spelled sincerity. The devil himself, who saw a great foe in her, would have to admit that Nellie was sincere. She feared no one. She trusted all, and believed that all men were as guileless as Nathaniel.

Nellie's love for people was ex-

ceeded only by her love for God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints. Her greatest treasure was a silver medal of the Blessed Virgin, which a Maryknoll priest had given her. She wore that medal night and day, and would as soon leave this life as part with that treasure. Her lesser treasures included a little prayer book and several holy cards that had been given to her for her First Communion.

Every Sunday little Nellie received in her heart the One she loved above all. She wanted to receive Communion daily, but her poor health would not permit that. The cold mornings in Puno were a source of suffering to her; when the sun was strong, she would dress hurriedly and rush off to school. Because there was no school on Sundays, she would go to the nine o'clock Mass; by then the sun had taken the chill off the morning air. Nellie often told me that one of her greatest disappointments in life was the fact that she could not receive Our Lord every day.

As time passed, Nellie's health grew worse. Every now and then

she'd have to remain in bed all day, because the pain racked her whole body. When the attacks grew more frequent and prolonged, Nellie would spend two, three, four, or even more days in bed. Eventually she had to give up school entirely, since the disease was demanding more and more of its victim.

Nellie's ill health was a great trial to her parents. They knew that she was suffering from rheumatic heart. The material wealth of the Salas family was not great; the parents could not give their daughter proper medical care.

Even greater suffering came to Nellie when she could no longer receive the Body and Blood of her Saviour. Instead, she held closer to her weakening heart a Sacred Heart badge. Despite the amount of suffering and sacrifice that the Divine Physician was asking of this little soul, the ever-present smile greeted all who came to see her. The smile grew in intensity when I entered the threadbare room. She knew the office and calling of a priest. I have never met anyone who had a greater respect for the "other Christs."

As Nellie's illness increased, her little body swelled considerably. The

pain was most intense in the afternoon but a bit less at night. Evidently the end was approaching fast. And He whom she loved so much was not forgetful of this humble charge. He permitted that this child advocate of the Holy Eucharist should once more receive His Sacred Body and Blood. To the surprise of all, Nellie suddenly seemed able to receive Holy Viaticum.

Great was the admiration of those who witnessed the response of Nellie to the Divine Guest who would soon be her host in heaven. She smiled her farewell to all the people who had gathered about her bedside. Then she slowly turned her head to the priest who was always the representative of Christ to her. Her smile broadened as she whispered, "I will pray for all priests."

The smile and the unearthly peace on her little face will always be remembered by those who attended at the last, as she went forth to meet the One she served so well if so briefly.

Little Nellie never worked a miracle. I doubt that she ever will. But she is one of the many great big small saints who loved Him in a little big way.



SOMEONE WILL EAT THAT WORD!


FORMAL expulsion sentences handed down to missionaries in the kangaroo courts that "try" them on trumped-up charges of murder of infants, cruelty to children, espionage activities, and the like, always read: "forever." One Sister, who

was escorted under armed guard to the border between China and Hong Kong, looked back and said: "Forever? I will be coming back again. Someone will eat the word 'Forever'!"

OWN YOUR OWN SQUARE FOOT OF OUR CHAPEL!

Maryknoll, which sends priests out to distant lands to start churches, has no church of its own! Our Masses and ceremonies are held in a room intended originally to be a lecture hall.

We ought to have a proper place of prayer and meditation, where future missionaries can speak to God, attend Mass, and be ordained priests, in churchly surroundings. Will you help us get a chapel? Your gift, large or small, will give a real push to our chapel walls. Some items we shall need — you may make a choice:



Sack of cement	\$ 1.10	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hardware for one door	10.00	<input type="checkbox"/>
Pane of glass50	<input type="checkbox"/>
Keg of nails	11.00	<input type="checkbox"/>
Truck load of sand	10.50	<input type="checkbox"/>
Tile for roof45	<input type="checkbox"/>
Floor tile15	<input type="checkbox"/>
Coil of electric wire	19.50	<input type="checkbox"/>
Electric switch box	2.39	<input type="checkbox"/>
Length of 2-inch pipe	9.50	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bag of lime85	<input type="checkbox"/>
Can of paint	4.45	<input type="checkbox"/>
Boards, thousand feet	220.00	<input type="checkbox"/>
Can of putty80	<input type="checkbox"/>

Many thousands of such items are needed to make the chapel. Many thousands of Americans, working together, have made Maryknoll. If you wish to help us build a chapel, use the form below. (If you wish to offer a large gift, it is needed and will be most welcome.)

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Enclosed find \$_____ to be used for _____ in
building your Maryknoll Seminary Chapel. I will send \$_____ each
month for your Chapel Fund.

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FORMOSA:

A portrait study of the Beautiful Island. It has all the earmarks of a missionary's dream come true. It has a bumper crop of wonderful opportunities.

■ ONE's first impression, on landing at the Taipeh airport on the island of Formosa, is received from a dreary-looking station, with broken benches in its waiting room. Service by the Immigration and Custom people is disorderly but courteous. From the airport to the city the countryside is golden rich under a bumper crop of rice. Both country and city people are busy and at peace. There is not much motor traffic, but bicycles fill the streets.

Formosa, where Maryknoll has accepted a new prefecture, is 300 miles long by 50 miles wide. It has a population of about 8 million; 2 million of these are refugees from the Chinese mainland. The west coast of the island is a large, rich plain, running the whole reach of the island. The east coast, not so broad or so rich, suffers often from typhoons. Torrential rains swell the rivers and pour sand and rocks over what were once fertile plains. Japa-

MARYKNOLL

We Make a Start

nese engineers had done a superb job of diking, to prevent flood damage, to conserve and to reclaim land. But periodically new storms and floods destroyed their work. During the dry season the raging rivers become dry beds.

Two airlines circle Formosa daily, flying in opposite directions, and setting down at six principal cities. First-class trains, with excellent sleeping facilities for night travel, extend from Keelung, in the north, to below Kaoshiung, in the extreme south. Fares on the trains are reasonable. Food in the diners is good and a fine variety of fruits is sold by vendors aboard the trains and at every station.

Busses connect with the various railroad lines, like a huge spider web spread over the island. Busses are fast and comfortable, but the numbers that can be packed into a bus reminds the rider that this is China.

Coastal shipping is at a standstill because this is wartime. The beaches around the

island are barred to swimmers, but fishermen are allowed to ply their trade from the shore.

The people on Formosa seem very healthy. The children have no sores on their legs or their heads, as is common in many parts of China. However, the doctors say that in the large cities the incidence of T.B. is at least 60%. There are about 1,000 cases of leprosy on the island. Fortunately, hospitals and dispen-



saries are plentiful everywhere.

There are 3,264 doctors, or one to every 2,500 people. There are 987 nurses, or one to each 7,000 persons. The Ministry of Health realizes that there are not enough nurses and plans to start a Nurses-Aide Training Course of one year. Formosa's seventeen hospitals have 2,900 beds.

The density of population is about 150 per square mile, or less than one half the density on much of the mainland. Everyone on Formosa eats three meals a day. The rich farm lands produce an abundance of sugar, rice and bananas; large quantities of these are exported. Rice is the staple of the people. In addition, the island raises many pigs, ducks, geese, and turkeys. Fish is cheap; fruit is plentiful and delicious.

The impression one gathers of Catholic activity is of new birth and healthy growth. A visit around the three prefectures heightens the feeling of vigorous and energetic activity. Formosa has 53 priests, 21 of whom are foreigners. Three of these priests are natives of Formosa. Of the 130 Sisters on the island, all but 29 are mainland Chinese. There is not one Formosan Sister.

Priests and Sisters arriving from the mainland quickly fall in love with Formosa. Foreign Sisters who lived for years in China and are now in Formosa, claim that the climate is much healthier. One Sister is said

to have been cured of T.B. just by the climate, fruits, and rest.

Formosa has a bumper crop of souls, ripe for the harvest. Everywhere large numbers, including

mainland Chinese and aboriginal tribes, are interested in the Church.

In the prefecture of Taipei, American Benedictine Sisters teach in the uni-

versity, along with one Irish Columban Father and one Chinese priest. Chinese Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary have a small dispensary and kindergarten. They also do fine work among those who labor in the salt mines. A Chinese priest has a private radio station on which he gives Catholic programs daily for almost three hours. The Dominican Sisters conduct a school for girls, with 860 pupils. But of the more than 40 teachers, very few are Catholics. More than half of the teachers are men. Taipei has a minor seminary with eleven students, five of whom will leave shortly to complete their studies abroad.

On Formosa's east coast, the Chinese Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary have a kindergarten and a dispensary for the aborigines of the Ami tribe. These are members of the largest of the eight tribes living on Formosa. The tribe numbers 43,000. The Ami are a healthy, graceful, blue-eyed people, of Malayan extraction. They speak Japanese as well as their own dia-

ANOTHER WAY TO HELP

Make Maryknoll a beneficiary on your insurance policy! Tell your insurance agent you want to make Maryknoll a contingent beneficiary. Maryknoll will receive the insurance money only if your first beneficiary dies before you.

lects. The women are the bosses in the families. Very much so! Their houses are neat, and almost every house has a sewing machine. The faults of the Ami tribe are laxity in marriage and alcoholism. Otherwise they are a delightfully attractive people. The Sisters have a large group of catechumens among them.

Maryknoll's new prefecture is that of Taichung. Monsignor William Kupfer, of Flushing, New York, directs activities. Besides Maryknoll priests, the prefecture of Taichung has seven Chinese priests, refugees from China, who run a seminary they brought from Manchuria. There are also 40 Chinese Sisters, several of whom are doctors. Four American Sisters from Terra Haute, Indiana, run a girls' school in Taichung. Like the Chinese Sisters, they were forced out of China. Father Liu Yu Chung has a well-received 45 minutes sermon-and-hymn program on the Taichung Radio Station each Sunday.

The Immaculate Conception Sisters conduct a 24-bed hospital in the Kaoshiung prefecture. In the eighteen months since the hospital was started, 183,000 outpatients have been treated. The 24-bed hospital is consistently full. One third of the outpatients and one quarter of the inpatients are treated free of charge. The Sisters also conduct doctrine classes each evening and Sunday. They have tremendous success in conversions. A Spanish Dominican group of Sisters — refugees from Fukien, China — also conduct a dispensary.

The Salesians recently opened a

FORMOSA

at a glance . . .

Population: 8,000,000

Area: 13,857 sq. miles

Catholics: 13,537

Occupations: farming, mining,
forestry, fishing,
commerce.

religious goods and book store. They also placed copies of some 400 religious publications in many local book stores. The press has had a marvelous success.

There is in Formosa today a tremendous need for priests and Sisters. 200 priests and 500 Sisters would be enough just to initiate the tremendous amount of work that needs to be done. There is a crying need for schools everywhere on the island. A golden opportunity exists for two or three industrial schools.

This seems an incomparable opportunity to build up a competent, well-instructed Catholic nucleus which some day can return to China.

Formosa's snow-capped mountains brood over valleys that are sunny the year round. Will we go in time and in sufficient numbers to seize this golden opportunity? Will missionaries meet the call of the hour?

The Maryknoll Family

■ **SOUTH CHINA MARYKNOLLERS** have taken up work in the Lipa Diocese in the Philippines. "When in the past, persecution raged in China," comments Bishop Lane, Maryknoll Superior General, "the Philippine Islands were the base for many missionaries who labored there, awaiting the blessed day when they could return to their beloved Chinese people. History repeats itself as our South China Maryknollers join other missionary communities in the Philippines."

■ **BARONESS MARIA AUGUSTA TRAPP**, of the internationally famous Trapp Family Singers, on a recent visit to Maryknoll, remarked that a new grandson had arrived in her family. "Michael Martin Maria Trapp is his name," she said. "He has three M's already. Nothing would make me happier than to see him come to Maryknoll some day and add two more M's after his name."

The visit of the Trapp family was an inspiration to all Maryknollers living at the Center. One and all were caught by the outstanding devotion to Catholic principles, evidenced by this superbly Catholic family.

■ **SOME YEARS** ago, one Consolidated Edison employee asked of another, "Do you think we could get 80 employees to contribute twenty-

five cents a month each, for the education of a Japanese boy to the priesthood?" The question was inspired by Hiroshima and the story of the venerable Father Nagata, who had died in a Kyoto church while distributing Holy Communion.

The answer was prompt and optimistic. Now the Edison Maryknoll Club has many hundreds of members; and by their help, three young priests are carrying the word of God to the far corners of the earth. Twelve seminarians train for the priesthood, thanks to their help. That quarter a month is a good investment. Maryknoll is grateful both to the Con Edison management, for its understanding attitude, and to so many of its employees.

■ **MARYKNOLL SEMINARIANS** of a generation ago were treated from time to time to a session of rollicking laughter when an infectiously jovial priest of North Carolina paid us a visit. This priest was Father Michael A. Irwin, who passed to his reward last January.

Father Irwin and Father William F. O'Brien were companions of Maryknoll's cofounder, Father Thomas F. Price, in a special project of the North Carolina Apostolate. The little group sought to train local boys for the priesthood. Being poor as Job's turkeys, they resorted to most extraordinary economies in their pioneering, and thus brought

MARYKNOLL

upon themselves experiences that provided an hilarious tale when told by Father Irwin. We shall remember him at Maryknoll as a warmly loyal friend of Father Price and as a splendid example of the buoyant, happy-hearted apostle. May he rest in peace.

ODDS AND ENDS

■ WHEN BISHOP James Anthony Walsh was founding Maryknoll, he sought at the motherhouse of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, in Rome, a contingent of those Sisters to assist him in his project. The assignment was delayed, and meanwhile the Maryknoll Sisters blossomed forth with miraculous vigor. Nevertheless our admiration for the F.M.M.'s has never lessened. This year as the community celebrates its 75th anniversary, we offer our meed of praise to this, the world's largest community of missionary Sisters with its 9,000 members.

■ BISHOP LANE received this interesting letter from a pastor in the Midwest:

"Through you, I wish to thank the Fathers of Maryknoll for a copy of *Tar Heel Apostle* which I am reading with much

pleasure and much spiritual profit.

"Your society is producing a worth-while literature, dealing with the missionary movement and its problems and the experiences of those who, like yourself, have been or actually are engaged in the work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands. I hope the output will continue to grow with the years. It is doing much to make Catholics mission-minded and to inspire them to give of their flesh and blood, as well as of their wealth, to such a noble cause. May God continue to bless your noble work for His honor."

Letter of the Month

Dear MARYKNOLL FATHER,

I am a LITTLE girl of Nine

MY NAME IS JOAN WALSH. MY FATHER gave THE CALENDAR TO ME I HUNG IT UP IN MY ROOM. I AM VERY PROUD OF IT. I AM IN THE FORTH GRADE NOW. I HEARD THE STORY OF THE LADY WHO WAS VERY POOR - SHE ONLY HAD ONE PEARL SHE GAVE IT TO THE CHURCH AND I ONLY HAVE TEN PENCE BECAUSE I LOST MY WILLY BUT I AM GOING TO GIVE THAT TEN PENCE I HOPE YOU HAVE SICKS WITH IT. PLSS WRITE ME BACK SOON.

Your Friend,

JOAN WALSH





Artists of every land picture Our Lady in local settings, as have Europe's masters for centuries. On the left is a "Madonna and Child" from Japan; above is a "Flight into Egypt" from China.

AS OTHERS SEE HER



The "Nativity" above is by a Vietnamese artist; that to the right is Chinese.



This exquisite concept of
the "Flight into Egypt"
has
been rendered by a Japanese.



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se.





Again it is the brush of a Japanese that gives us this portrayal of "The Assumption."



In Search of a Language

The Padri knows Kingoreme, but nobody understands him!

BY ALPHONSE A. SCHIAVONE

■ FATHER DEL ROBINSON had us all worried about his sanity. Strange noises were coming from his room; furniture was being moved about. A loud "*Ndiyo!*" ("Yes!") or "*Hapana!*" ("No!") was heard after each outburst of confusion.

I decided to investigate. Peeking into the room, I saw Father Robinson sitting at his desk. His teacher was trying to climb a chair; then he crawled along the floor. Finally the teacher started an imaginary motorcycle, and took the parts of engine and driver. He waved one hand, while steadying the motorcycle with the other.

That was enough for me. I realized that the teacher was using all his faculties to demonstrate the

meaning of various words to his bewildered pupil.

This all started when Father Robinson was assigned to help Father Gibbons open the first mission among the Bungoreme tribe. The Bungoreme had no written language. Father Robinson had no grammar, no dictionary, and no people with whom he could associate to pick up smatterings of this little-known Bantu tongue. Slowly, deliberately, he planned his campaign. He knew that he needed a teacher who could help him form a grammar and translate the prayers into the tribe's native tongue.

In the beginning he was lost. Everything was new to him: the mentality of the Bungoreme people,

and their strange expressions. He had to learn to accustom his lips and tongue to form and bring forth sounds that would convey ideas instead of mere confusion.

One day he came upon a young lad who knows Kingoreme, the language of the Bungoreme tribe. Father Robinson worked with him through the medium of a few English words, some Kikuyu and a Swahili book. The boy knows Swahili, so Father Robinson had him translate the Swahili book into Kingoreme.

When this source of knowledge went dry, Father Robinson searched for another. It was tedious and trying. It was almost painful the way he had to draw out each bit of information. Every afternoon Father Robinson wandered among the hills, looking for people from whom he could learn. He returned with new words or corrections, or prospects for new teachers.

Every morning was spent in putting his notes in order. One day I asked how he was progressing. He pointed to his notes — variously shaped scraps of paper. There on his desk was the beginning of the first and only Kingoreme grammar.

Father Robinson tried the language frequently on the natives. Breathlessly he waited for a flicker of understanding from each listener. He realized he needed practice in speaking. As he remarked to me,

"I had a stack of notes, but very little knowledge in my head."

Father Robinson was using all his Kingoreme one day on a native. The man listened patiently for a

while, and then turned to another native and remarked: "The Padri knows Kingoreme very well! The trouble is that no one understands his Kingoreme yet."

Candidates for Maryknoll should make their application for admission soon. For booklets on the priesthood or the Brotherhood, or for information, write the Vocation Director, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

When Father Del and I were out walking one afternoon he tried his skill on a wrinkled Bungoreme cowboy. Very patiently the native listened. Then he shook his head and looked at his feet, as he said: "I am very stupid. I cannot understand what you are saying." One of the most beautiful characteristics of the native is this desire to save the face of the young priest learning the language.

Today, Father Robinson can see the fruition of his months of hard work. He has completed a neat grammar of the Kingoreme language. He has the foundation of a good-sized dictionary. He has also compiled a good set of exercises in Kingoreme and in English. All of these have been corrected by the native teachers.

Father Robinson has done a bit of research that will be the medium for spreading the Faith in a small section of Africa. He has made it easier for Maryknollers who will work among the Bungoreme to teach the gospel of peace.

The Maryknoll Roundup

Switch. Father Robert E. Kearns, Maryknoll Missioner from New York City, saved a young boy from drowning. The lad was one of the vacationers at the summer camp run by the Maryknoll Fathers at Mejia, Peru. A policeman, who arrived after the rescue, saw Father Kearns lying on the beach, exhausted. The rescued boy was talking to his companions. The policeman concluded that the boy had saved the priest's life. That version spread throughout Mejia.



FR. KEARNS

for the sick because he himself had been sick for three years. He was once connected with the Communists. He was misled by the social-welfare line of the Reds. The doctor now believes in God. Maybe he will be opening a catechism before long.

High Frequency. Father John P. Tackney, Maryknoll Missioner from Somerville, Mass., had an interesting encounter with the Reds, before those minions of Moscow expelled him from his mission station near Kweilin, China. "I had a traveling dispensary in those days," says Father Tackney. "Once the Reds inspected my medical kit. I had to hold each item up for inspection. When I showed them the thermometer, one of the Reds saw the mercury rising, and cried out: 'He's got a short-wave radio. Look at that silver thing going up; it's probably the antenna. He's reporting to Truman.'"



FR. TACKNEY

Opening Soon. A Japanese doctor who lives near Uji-Yamada, where Father Edward A. Walsh is stationed, offered his services for the poor on a part-time basis. Father Walsh (who comes from Portland, Maine) writes that the doctor has offered to help him twice a month, by visiting and treating the poor in their homes. The offer



FR. WALSH

came because the doctor almost had to leave medical school due to lack of money. He has a great sympathy

Look, Neighbor. "My friend, Miguel Roca and I were taking coffee together. We were seated on a couple of logs in front of his home," writes Father Donald W. Aubry, Mary-

MARYKNOLL

knoll Missioner from Toledo, Ohio, now stationed in Warnes, Bolivia. "Miguel casually remarked, 'Look to the left of you, neighbor.' I did — and almost climbed a tree; for there, a few feet from where I was sitting, one of the biggest snakes I've ever encountered was leering at me. Miguel's grin seemed out of place, in a situation like that. I found out the reason and my heart came back to normal when Miguel showed me that the reptile was safely tied."



FR. AUBRY

Handy. A correspondence course helped save the lives of a number of infants in Tzucacab, Mexico, according to Father Robert E. Lee, Maryknoll Missioner from Brooklyn. Father Lee's cook had lived in the United States for a few years; during that time, she took a correspondence course in nursing. When an epidemic of bronchitis and intestinal fever broke out in Tzucacab, three or four babies died almost

immediately; a number of others became critically ill. Father Lee's cook volunteered her services as a nurse. With the use of some simple remedies and other knowledge acquired in her correspondence course, she soon had most of the tots on their way back to health.

Zoo Day. "There's seldom a dull moment at the Maryknoll mission in Africa," writes Father Thomas N. Quirk, Maryknoll Missioner from Portsmouth, N.H. "But one day was outstanding. It started with my almost stumbling across a cobra, as I entered the sacristy. There was a flurry of excitement when another Maryknoller found a scorpion in his alb as he was vesting. Later a green mamba snake — one of the deadliest in these parts — passed under my feet. And one of our missionaries spotted a leopard on the road, only a mile from the mission. Fortunately, we had noticed the animals before they noticed us."



FR. QUIRK

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN — In the Diocese of Kyoto; Archdiocese of Tokyo.

KOREA — In the Vicariate of Taegu (Fusan), South Korea. (Maryknoll Vicariate of Pyong Yang in North Korea closed to mission work temporarily.)

MANCHURIA — Diocese of Fushun (temporarily closed to Maryknoll priests).

SOUTH CHINA — Dioceses of Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow; Prefecture

of Kwella; also in Diocese of Hong Kong. Work in China Proper greatly impeded.

FORMOSA — Prefecture of Taichung.

PHILIPPINES — In Diocese of Lipa.

HAWAII — In Diocese of Honolulu.

IN LATIN AMERICA

BOLIVIA — Vicariate of Pando; also in Archdiocese of La Paz, Dioceses of Cochabamba and Santa Cruz.

CHILE — In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan and Temuco; also in Archdiocese of Santiago.

PERU — In Diocese of Puno; Archdioceses of Arequipa and Lima.

IN CENTRAL AMERICA

MEXICO — In Archdiocese of Yucatan and in Quintana Roo.

GUATEMALA — Department of Huehuetenango; Archdiocese of Guatemala City.

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA — Prefecture of Musoma.



"In Every tropical storm," writes Monsignor Danehy, "our mission church in Riberalta, Bolivia, leaks like a holey umbrella. Its windows lack glass; its floor

needs tiles. The old edifice is shaky. Would you like to give \$100 or \$50 or \$10 to help toward the repairs? The priests and people promise to remember all benefactors in the daily Rosary in the church."

St. Rose of Lima has no parish church or school dedicated to her in her home town in Peru. At least, not yet. But Maryknoll has been assigned to build them. You can honor this first canonized American Saint by helping. Some needs: bricks and cement, \$3.50 per square meter; classroom doors, \$10 each; roofing, \$3 per square meter. Which will you give?

Free Lunch and free literature—food for body and for soul—are needed for refugees in war-torn Korea. Our missionaries ask for gifts of \$10 for this purpose. If you have a spare ten, may they use it for you?

Four Statues are requested for Maryknoll missions in Mexico: Our Lady of Fatima; St. Joseph; The Immaculate Conception; and St. Isidore the Farmer, to whom the natives have a great devotion. A statue of St. Isidore is also asked for in Guatemala. Each statue can be donated for \$80. A local sculptor will carve them beautifully in wood.

Light a sanctuary lamp in a Maryknoll mission in Formosa. The lamp will burn a year for \$25.

A Catechist, the right-hand man of a missionary, can be supported in Africa for \$15 a month.

Japan since the war is a land of widows. In Hikone Maryknoll wishes to start a sewing co-operative to aid these destitute women. Ten sewing machines would give us a start. Cost, \$35 per machine.

Take Your Choice. Chapels in Chile are without many necessities for divine worship. Some of these may appeal to you: set of Stations of the Cross, \$75; set of altar linens, \$30; Mass wine and hosts, one year's supply, \$30; one year's supply of Mass candles, \$25; a set of Mass vestments, \$25.

1800 Baptisms of Indian babies, are administered yearly in San Juan mission, Puno, Peru. Yet this Maryknoll mission has no baptistry. The complete cost of a baptistry would be only \$312. Would you donate this in gratitude to God for your own Faith and Baptism?

School Rent for a full year for a mission school in Cozumel, Mexico, is only \$75. In these days of high rents, maybe you would like to move in yourself at that price. But would you like to pay the full year's rent, or part of it, for the mission school? Hundreds of children will benefit.



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TWO missionaries for the price of ONE

The Catechist doubles the missionary's teaching capacity. He may not know as much as the highly trained Maryknoller—but he does know his people and can speak their language. And the Catechist sets the Maryknoller free for tasks where a priest is needed.

That is why every Maryknoller asks for a Catechist. It costs only \$15 a month to supply one. We recommend this as the best bargain in the entire mission field!

**THE
MARYKNOLL FATHERS**
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



People are Interesting!

The King Who
Gave Up His Throne



1. Not many years ago there was a young king in the Fiji Islands who was wise and good.



2. One day he met a missionary and heard about God. He decided to become a Christian.



3. Evil white men stirred up the people. "We will not have a Catholic for a king," they cried.



4. The king went off to think. "In a few years I will die. Then how unimportant to be a king!"



5. The king called his people together. "I will serve God and be your king no longer," he said.



6. He left his palace and lived his Catholic life happily, with never a regret for his sacrifice.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

